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ARDWICK GREEN.

TAKING it for granted that the staid, sedentary population of this our city was intending at once to abandon all their old habits and customs, and to lead a general out-of-door life—at least during the late Olympic Festival—the newspapers broke out into singing the praises of all our open-air institutions, beginning with the parks, specially that sprightly domain, Lark Hill, now Peel Park, and finishing up, viâ Belle Vue, with that riparian paradise the Pomona Gardens. When we said "the parks," it was in view of the exception that is said to prove the rule. The oldest of all the parks has been strangely left unnoticed. We mean Ardwick Green Park; and that is the more strange as it is the nearest of approach inside the city, and but a short distance from the actual township of Manchester itself.

Of the antiquity of Ardwick Green, we can't say much, for one very good reason, we don't know much; but we must say that we never met with anybody that knew much more. It seems to have been a space which by common consent has been left open and unbuilt upon by the persons who at various times built the large houses which stand hereabouts and around it. There does not seem to have been anything like a constitution or a trust or endowment connected with its establishment. So it has probably developed itself into existence of its own accord, like the British Constitution. It was, no doubt, part of the open land belonging to the Lord of the Manor, who used, as a rule, to claim for himself all that didn't clearly belong to somebody else; and, in order to save his own private domain, allowed the cottagers and tenants to use it for various purposes until he wanted it himself for something. For Ardwick is a manor,—was, perhaps, one might say—a reputed manor at all events, with manor house in which a live lord dwelt, and had, some time or other a court—must have had, indeed, or it couldn't be a manor. Manors cease to be such when there are no courts held, or nobody comes to them, or there is nothing to be done at them. Manor Street is still there, leading from the northern corner to Tipping Street, or Tipping's Street, ending there close to the Manor House, where the Tippings, the last lords of the manor, resided. The larger part of this is still called by that name, and is inhabited by Mr. Dancer, distinguished in the physical sciences; the other part, with some additions, forms a row of dwelling-houses. So Ardwick has, you see, a respectable degree of antiquity about it, though its historians have not been many.

Some of the older houses are at this, the city end of the Green, at the corner of Downing Street and on to Manor Street. Near this corner, many years ago, lived "Madam" Minshull, as she was called, a dame of large estate which descended to her nephew and heir Aytoun. Traces of the names exist in the "Minshull Arms," at the Rusholme Lane corner opposite; nearer town, in the Mynshull Mill, between Garratt and Oxford Road, and in Aytoun Street by the Infirmary. Next beyond this corner, years ago, was an old building of two floors, occupied as a school—Mence's School. It has had a new face lately put to it, chiefly of glass windows, and the ground floor appears as a miscellaneous auction room. Next is a large house of the George the Second city style of architecture, now occupied as the head-quarters of the Second Manchester Volunteers, a combination of the Second Manchester, the 104, or Ardwick, Corps, and an uncompleted body existing for a time as the Fourth Manchester. The regiment is strong in numbers, has a capital adjutant, and an attentive lieutenant-colonel commandant, Mr. Neville, who lives at the next house, a tall wide mansion, standing back from the road, erst the abode of John Brooks, of white-tie, sugar, father-in-law, and "my brother Sam" celebrity.

Next above this is a veritable specimen of an ancient suburban mansion. Here, for some years, lived Mr. Dunnington, a retired merchant. He or his name lives again in the person of a collateral descendant, Mr. John Dunnington Fletcher, whose name may be seen on the "active" list of Middlesex magistrates. The house has been occupied both as a private dwelling and as a school since then, but never seems to have distinguished itself particularly. We have always regarded it with a certain veneration, but it seems trending towards decay. The gardens behind now hold timber instead of trees, second-hand timber too, most of it, "twice dead" verily. Yet we would say—

> Light be the hand of ruin laid
> Upon the house I love.

We are now at Grove Street, a development of the *lucus a non* idea, because there are no trees, probably. Adown this grove might haply dwell the nymph of suffrage; sacred to her the votive (feminine) urn. Satyrs, approach not—satire eke, begone! Turning to the right we cross Manor Street, and proceed southward. Here are tall dwelling-houses, standing as much retired as a few yards of imitation garden will allow, imposing-looking in front, mean, confined, and built up at the rear. This is the case all up the left or north-eastern side of Ardwick Green. The buildings are lofty, stand well back from the road, and are built up to, close at the back. If one could live outside a house comfortably, if a magnificent exterior, would compensate for want of convenience within, then these might do. Possibly this was the idea they were built to carry out. Here is a specimen of valuable building land, so valuable that it still remains vacant. But at hand is a mansion, a broad solid-looking house, with square hall, large rooms, and with stabling and large outbuildings at the rear. There lived here, for many and many a long year, one of the old representatives of Manchester in its mercantile and finance aspects. Retired for years, perforce, from all but such part of the world as he could see from his room windows, he lived to a good old age, but he is gone at last. England suffered much, said the History (which ought to have said Britain), from the incursions of the Picts and Scots. The Scotch have picked up a living evidently in this part, for they have settled in large numbers all round this neighbourhood, and seem to have done well. One has even established himself in the deserted halls of the mansion we last spoke of. They are now more addicted to excursions, and whether England suffers from them still may be learnt almost any morning at a sitting of any County Court.

Next we have the church, St. Thomas's, of A.D. 1741 or thereabouts, a date probably near the constitution of "The Green," owing much to successive restorations, the last within three or four years ago, when the ground-floor was taken up, and it was found that the congregation had been for some time within a walking-stick's breadth of being tumbled into the depths below. Whether it was the dryness of the sermons, or what the coroner would call the rottenness of the pew system, or a combination of them, which infected the wood with dry rot, we can't say, but it wasn't found out too soon. The very considerable bill for repairs was defrayed by the congregation, and after all had been settled in middling (Taylor) Gothic, Mr. Gibson, the rector, who had been made a canon in consideration of the loss of his wife's income, turned round and dealt his congregation a slap in the face by resigning the living and appointing his curate to succeed him. Mr. Nunn, the present rector, is in the habit of decreeing through the newspapers his infallibility in the matter of figures as to children's school attendance, and of cursing his opponents with all the gusto of his sanctity, and with as much effect. The late Canon Wray, was formerly incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, so it seems to have been formerly a stepping-stone to the Cathedral. As to the continuance of the rule we will only say, *Quod Episcopus avertat.*

Higher up is a stucco-fronted house, y-clept the Priory, either on account of its having had a front of psuedo-Gothic or that it was built prior to any other house about, for there is a tradition that the old part of the house was a farm house, standing alone in the country, long before The Green was ever born or, as they say, thought of. Perhaps the original Hardwick lived here and dropped his H into the pond that was afterwards made. We have heard that great search was made for it when the water was drawn off, but it was not found. Perhaps it had been put in the wrong place. Hereabouts lived, not many years ago, divers magnates, before it became the fashion to spend an hour or two every day in railway travelling. The houses were too large for the occupation of people of moderate means, so they have been turned into

public institutions of a sort. The Barlows' house is the Town Hall, and next door is the Reformatory, to reform the juvenile Tories and rapparees of our city. After a few old-fashioned bay-windowed houses we come to the top, and opposite to us is a grand mansion, with almost a park in front and gardens in the rear. It is a house that would do to stand in a park of six or eight hundred acres. Unfortunately, it doesn't.

Turning to the right again, towards town, we have the opening of Brunswick Street, the continuation of a street from Oxford Road to Upper Brook Street, planned by the late Cornelius Randall, who also designed Corporation Street—two out of the three great street improvements of the city. The opening of the Bowdon line ruined most of his building speculations, which were otherwise sound and well-judged. Interest and chief-rent, however, and loan-mongering lawyers remained after tenants had fled; so things came to what Mr. Micawber called a crisis. Mr. Randall, however, died a few weeks ago peaceably at home at his house in the New Northen Road. Manchester owes more to him than he owes to Manchester, and a bust in the New Town Hall, for he was once a member of the Corporation, would be only a graceful tribute to his memory.

A tall white house near the road seems to have a history of its own. Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., "the man for Galway," entered as the Old Harry Colt for the Manchester Election Stakes, was born and lived here, since which an old representative couple, Mr. and Mrs. Plant, occupied it for many years. They visited Blackpool regularly for more than forty years and never once travelled by railway; sent their horses on a day before to Chorley, taking post-horses thither—an ancient and comfortable way of voyaging. At a tall house on this side lived the late George Wilson, an amiable and hardworking man, trusted by his most inveterate opponents, with a genius which would have been universal but for one deficiency: he could make money for others, but never for himself. The celebrated words—

Justum et tenacem proposite virum

might have been written of him. Next to George Wilson's late house is the old George and Dragon, a place which might divide the honours of antiquity with the Priory. It is being pulled down. It had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of late. A new, staring red-brick house has been built in front, close to the road, entirely disconnected with the old house. If this is one of "the Colonel's" houses and the license is sought to be "transferred," we hope it will be made a question of a new licence, and that it will not be granted. Nearer to Rusholme Lane the houses seem in a parlous state, as if they didn't know whether they were to be pulled down or not. The Corporation have power to take the property on each 'side of the beginning of Rusholme Lane and alter the streets, but the recent re-paving of the parts adjacent seems to indicate that nothing is to be done at present.

But the place upon which all these old houses look, or as some people say "give," when they attempt the impossibility of translating a French idiom literally into English, is Ardwick Green, or as it is now called Ardwick Green Park, for it is one of the public parks to all intents and purposes, the newspapers notwithstanding. We spoke of it some three years ago or so as being in a state of transition. Well, it has transided, if there is such a word, and is now a really pleasant place for a quiet promenade. It is certainly level, but not much more so than the Alexandra Park, and has ornamental rock-work, little round ponds decorated with real fountains that play, comfortable seats and benches, sheltered, some of them, from the most prevailing winds, and a very decent array of trees and shrubs. Flowers are more rare—there are several big chimneys alarmingly near, but there is a very fair collection of rhododendrons and tulips in the round centre bed, and there will be the usual garden annuals in due course. The grass is green and the whole place seems well kept. We may add that there are two summer or shelter houses, open at all sides, and provided with seats. These seem all day long and every day occupied by hordes of children from the neighbouring streets. They are noisy, but neither clean nor well-behaved. This is one nuisance. The other is that groups of dirty, unwashed men occupy the seats on a Sunday morning, lounging about in dirty clothes and slippers, puffing clouds of very ill-flavoured smoke about among those returning from church or chapel. An assiduous park-keeper, armed with due authority, might put a stop to this. Fortunately, "dogs are not admitted," or we should see a few more than those gentry commonly have with them. We should like to see a good, big, respectable-looking park-keeper, in a handsome livery, something after the style of a London beadle, in each of these parks. He would be much better than an under-gardener with a red band to his hat. There can be no objection on tho score of expense, for the place has not cost the public anything beyond the laying out, which can be said of, none of them but Ardwick Green Park.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE POLICE.

WHEN we are not engaged in musing on the great Sphinx enigma the great riddle of our own existence, we turn our thoughts to other questions, for we are great in queries, we love everything from a conundrum upwards, and consider Y the first letter of the alphabet. We are occupied at present with the great Police Question—what to do with our Police, or rather, what our Police must do with themselves. We wish what we say to be considered as being quite as much in the interest of the force itself as in that of the public.

It has often been said, and we have occasionally found it to be true, that doing nothing is the hardest of all work. There will, of course, be exceptions to this, but it is true in the main. Judging from the general appearance of the men as we see them in the streets by daylight, they are a remarkably fine body of men, and every individual member of the body is, no doubt, "an active and intelligent officer," that is, he would be if he had anything to do. Night duty must be exceedingly disagreeable. There is either nothing to do, and he is horribly alone, for he cannot even sit upon the church-bench, or anywhere else, till two, and then to bed; or else, if there is anything up, he has to attend most of the next morning, probably, at the ill-savouring Bridge Street Court upon his own case, and wait till it is disposed of before he can go to rest. It is, however, of those on duty in the day-time that we would speak. They seem, like the philosopher, most solitary in a crowd, atoms without affinity, noticed by, and taking notice, apparently, of none.

In all the world of busy life around,
No thought of them.

Not that we would have the policeman meddling and interfering at every end and turn; but there's a medium between this and doing nothing but *passant regardant*, like a lion in heraldry. See him sauntering on the wrong side of the footpath as a rule. He must probably saunter or stroll, for there is nothing to be gained by his walking quickly but why on the wrong side? We had hopes that when the working man got a vote he would be thereby immediately and thoroughly instructed in all the virtues and duties of life, and would share it in all his daily actions, particularly in keeping to his own, or the right hand side of the footpath. But he walks, as of old, "promiscus," as he would say; and the policeman not only never sets him right, but holds out continually an example of the way in which he should *not* walk.

Then he might do something towards keeping the footpaths in the town somewhat clear and safe. He has brought the savage carter to his call, and turned the wild 'busman into something like obedience at the intersections of the thoroughfare, and has thereby rendered it possible to cross a street without certain risk of limb, and now, if he will only step on to the flags, we will point out a few objects for his attention. Look at that cart, sizer's van, or lurry, the body of the vehicle safe inside the archway, and the horse, unconscious of evil, standing across the whole breadth of the footpath, or what should be such, and beyond, causing us to describe a very considerable semicircle into the mud and dust of the roadway. The footpath is of use to pass along on foot, and of no other, and a horse in shafts obstructs a footway as much as half a dozen betting men or waste dealers.

Along Pall Mall a noise as of a six-pounder fired close by [illegible] tickles our sensorium. It is only a bundle of pieces thrown from a four-storey window over our heads on to a lurry by which we have just passed. A very slight miscalculation in the "pitching" would have broken our pitcher at the well in, literally, a crack. A message and then, if necessary, a summons "per Robert" would soon end in "fall in cloth." Similarly the chucker of yarn bundles just two inches or less, above our hat, might be made to chuckle on the wrong side his mouth, *coram* Headlam and a full bench.

Only a few days since was a carrier's cart standing, tail end on,

what would be an archway if it had an arch instead of a square top, between our jeweller's at the corner of Bank-street and the shop whence come many "brands" for burning. From this cart a huge and heavy hogshead was about to be rolled. So the footpath was stopped up there. Endeavouring to go round by the horse's head, we found his nose within half a yard of the nose of a horse attached to a bottled-beer cart, standing parallel with such footpath as there is there. It was impossible to get round the tail of this cart, so there was nothing for it but to dodge between the two heads. We tried to discover which of the two was least likely to make a snap at our shoulder, and made a dash. This was in front of the Exchange, about twelve o'clock. We, therefore, indignant, sought a policeman to direct his attention to the obstruction. Not one was to be seen in Bank-street, nor in Exchange Street, nor in all St. Ann's Square! Now here was a case where a little proper and justifable interference would have been a public convenience.

How about orange peel now? The walls have been duly placarded with notices, "by order" and so on, but did you ever see a policeman removing any of it with his foot or his cane on any such thoroughfare as London Road or Oldham Street? Never, we will be bound to say; and if you speak to them about it they glance round the horizon and say distinctly that perhaps they'll see about it. Are they afraid of being called orange-peelers?

This nuisance is common to the outskirts also, with another. How do you feel when you see a boy, three or four yards off, dabbing with his stick at the pointed end of a bit of wood, in order to raise it in the air, when, which done, he will strike it so nearly in the direction of your nose as he knows how? We have had four panes of glass broken and a waistcoat besmirched by the erratic tip-cat; and when "the active and intelligent" has been appealed to, he has simply replied that he has no instructions to interfere—ah!

The instructions given to the police seem founded upon the "how-not-to-do-it" principle, but we think that not only for the benefit of the public, but for the welfare of the men themselves, this silent chorus of we've got no work to do should be merged into a motivo of a staccato description.

HOW I SPENT WHITSUN-WEEK.

AFTER much cogitation how and where I should spend my holidays, or rather half-holidays, for as yet they are only a mongrel breed, (unless by special arrangement) I finally determined not to spend them at all. By this, let it not be understood that I determined to set myself down to hard work, but merely resolved not to go and seek after pleasure in any preconceived manner, but to let pleasure find me out, and take it myself in a leisurely, perfunctory, desultory sort of way. This is a course which combines many advantages. In the first place, having no preconceived anticipations you are not likely to be disappointed in the fruition of your hopes. Secondly, you are not liable to be banged about in cheap trips by rail and steam-boat to places which at Whitsuntide are as throng as Deansgate. Thirdly, by staying at home you are not exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather. If the weather is wet, you can remain mostly within doors, and if it is fine there are plenty of out-door pleasures to be found in Manchester and the neighbourhood.

I detest cheap trips at any time, and at this season in particular. The concomitant fat sandwiches, pork pies, rum and brandy bottles, and the *debris* and litter which cheap-trippers leave in their wake I do not denounce, but merely abhor in my own person. In the same way I find at most times except Whitsun-week, when few attend, that if I go to the pit of the theatre to enjoy a good play, I find my patience and pleasure materially interfered with by my right and left-hand neighbours, and my front and rear-rank man or woman indulging in oranges, pies, gin, and rum and water, while Jaques is declaiming the Seven Ages of Man, or Hamlet is endeavouring to solve for himself the question of To Be or Not to Be. The Lakes lose half their charm when you find them invaded by hordes of cheap-trippers. Blackpool and Southport are simply unendurable, and the Isle of Man, which involves the probabilities of a lumpy sea voyage, is very little better. I therefore, concluded to spend my holidays at home, and take the goods the gods should provide me with, and the following is an abridged edition of my diary for the week.

Whitsun Day.—This being the first day of the week, I thought I could not do better than begin my holidays by following the example of the Judges of Assize, and going to church. As, for various reasons I am not a constant church-goer, although I have done a great deal in that way in my time, both on Sundays and week days, I may say, probably with some truth, that the services of the Sanctuary fall upon my ears with greater freshness than they do upon those who hear them every Sunday of their lives. But however that may be, I should willingly walk ten miles any Sunday to hear such men as Bishop Wilberforce, the Bishop of Peterborough, Canon Liddon, and sundry other preachers of all denominations. I confess, however, that I dislike going to a crowded church where there is a difficulty in obtaining a seat; and although I have made sundry attempts, I have never yet heard our own bishop preach. Consequently, on Sunday, I went to the unpretending Church of St. Agathos, where I heard just such a sermon as is usually preached by the rank and file of the clergy on Whitsun Day. It appears to me that the sermons preached on Whitsun Day, Ascension Day, and Trinity Sunday are invariably the most uninteresting of any preached during the year. Christmas Day, Good Friday, and Easter Day are got over with apparently little difficulty, but on the days beforementioned, preachers are to me always unsatisfying. I once asked a worthy parson why he never preached upon a certain subject—a cardinal point in his faith. "Sir," he replied, "the subject is entirely beyond me; I firmly believe in the doctrine, but I cannot explain the unexplainable."

Whitsun Monday.—Although my holidays proper did not commence until Wednesday at noon, I no sooner opened my eyes on Monday morning than I felt that there was something unusual going on. I was peremptorily ordered to get up at once, as the other inmates of the house were going to see the procession of Sunday Scholars. What on earth my getting up at an untimely hour had to do with my belongings going to watch the procession I could not comprehend, as I always make the most extraordinary detours and circumbendibuses in order to avoid the annual display. However, the *reveillé* was sounded, so I had nothing to do but to obey and turn out. By the time I got down stairs I found the camp struck, and the wreck of a cheerless breakfast awaiting me. After dispatching this in about two seconds, I departed for town, and for the life of me could not get past the procession. It was no use telegraphing for assistance to Inspector Shandley, who stood at the other side within a few yards He only laughed at me. So, after watching the Bishop, who was working like a Trojan in keeping order at the Cathedral gates, I beat a retreat, and going round by Chapel Street, Salford, and sundry back streets, until I got into King Street, and so back to the Exchange, I accomplished the first portion of my journey. The remainder of the day was spent in what speech makers call commercial pursuits, but the whole of which consisted in pursuit and not in bagging any game.

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public institutions of a sort. The Barlows' house is the Town Hall, and next door is the Reformatory, to reform the juvenile Tories and rapparees of our city. After a few old-fashioned bay-windowed houses we come to the top, and opposite to us is a grand mansion, with almost a park in front and gardens in the rear. It is a house that would do to stand in a park of six or eight hundred acres. Unfortunately, it doesn't.

Turning to the right again, towards town, we have the opening of Brunswick Street, the continuation of a street from Oxford Road to Upper Brook Street, planned by the late Cornelius Randall, who also designed Corporation Street—two out of the three great street improvements of the city. The opening of the Bowdon line ruined most of his building speculations, which were otherwise sound and well-judged. Interest and chief-rent, however, and loan-mongering lawyers remained after tenants had fled; so things came to what Mr. Micawber called a crisis. Mr. Randall, however, died a few weeks ago peaceably at home at his house in the New Northen Road. Manchester owes more to him than he owes to Manchester, and a bust in the New Town Hall, for he was once a member of the Corporation, would be only a graceful tribute to his memory.

A tall white house near the road seems to have a history of its own. Mr. Mitchell Henry, M.P., "the man for Galway," entered as the Old Harry Colt for the Manchester Election Stakes, was born and lived here, since which an old representative couple, Mr. and Mrs. Plant, occupied it for many years. They visited Blackpool regularly for more than forty years and never once travelled by railway; sent their horses on a day before to Chorley, taking post-horses thither—an ancient and comfortable way of voyaging. At a tall house on this side lived the late George Wilson, an amiable and hardworking man, trusted by his most inveterate opponents, with a genius which would have been universal but for one deficiency: he could make money for others, but never for himself. The celebrated words—

Justum et tenacem proposite virum

might have been written of him. Next to George Wilson's late house is the old George and Dragon, a place which might divide the honours of antiquity with the Priory. It is being pulled down. It had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf of late. A new, staring red-brick house has been built in front, close to the road, entirely disconnected with the old house. If this is one of "the Colonel's" houses and the license is sought to be "transferred," we hope it will be made a question of a new licence, and that it will not be granted. Nearer to Rusholme Lane the houses seem in a parlous state, as if they didn't know whether they were to be pulled down or not. The Corporation have power to take the property on each 'side of the beginning of Rusholme Lane and alter the streets, but the recent re-paving of the parts adjacent seems to indicate that nothing is to be done at present.

But the place upon which all these old houses look, or as some people say "give," when they attempt the impossibility of translating a French idiom literally into English, is Ardwick Green, or as it is now called Ardwick Green Park, for it is one of the public parks to all intents and purposes, the newspapers notwithstanding. We spoke of it some three years ago or so as being in a state of transition. Well, it has transided, if there is such a word, and is now a really pleasant place for a quiet promenade. It is certainly level, but not much more so than the Alexandra Park, and has ornamental rock-work, little round ponds decorated with real fountains that play, comfortable seats and benches, sheltered, some of them, from the most prevailing winds, and a very decent array of trees and shrubs. Flowers are more rare—there are several big chimneys alarmingly near, but there is a very fair collection of rhododendrons and tulips in the round centre bed, and there will be the usual garden annuals in due course. The grass is green and the whole place seems well kept. We may add that there are two summer or shelter houses, open at all sides, and provided with seats. These seem all day long and every day occupied by hordes of children from the neighbouring streets. They are noisy, but neither clean nor well-behaved. This is one nuisance. The other is that groups of dirty, unwashed men occupy the seats on a Sunday morning, lounging about in dirty clothes and slippers, puffing clouds of very ill-flavoured smoke about among those returning from church or chapel. An assiduous park-keeper, armed with due authority, might put a stop to this. Fortunately, "dogs are not admitted," or we should see a few more than those gentry commonly have with them. We should like to see a good, big, respectable-looking park-keeper, in a handsome livery, something after the style of a London beadle, in each of these parks. He would be much better than an under-gardener with a red band to his hat. There can be no objection on tho score of expense, for the place has not cost the public anything beyond the laying out, which can be said of, none of them but Ardwick Green Park.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE POLICE.

WHEN we are not engaged in musing on the great Sphinx enigma the great riddle of our own existence, we turn our thoughts to other questions, for we are great in queries, we love everything from a conundrum upwards, and consider Y the first letter of the alphabet. We are occupied at present with the great Police Question—what to do with our Police, or rather, what our Police must do with themselves. We wish what we say to be considered as being quite as much in the interest of the force itself as in that of the public.

It has often been said, and we have occasionally found it to be true, that doing nothing is the hardest of all work. There will, of course, be exceptions to this, but it is true in the main. Judging from the general appearance of the men as we see them in the streets by daylight, they are a remarkably fine body of men, and every individual member of the body is, no doubt, "an active and intelligent officer," that is, he would be if he had anything to do. Night duty must be exceedingly disagreeable. There is either nothing to do, and he is horribly alone, for he cannot even sit upon the church-bench, or anywhere else, till two, and then to bed; or else, if there is anything up, he has to attend most of the next morning, probably, at the ill-savouring Bridge Street Court upon his own case, and wait till it is disposed of before he can go to rest. It is, however, of those on duty in the day-time that we would speak. They seem, like the philosopher, most solitary in a crowd, atoms without affinity, noticed by, and taking notice, apparently, of none.

In all the world of busy life around,
No thought of them.

Not that we would have the policeman meddling and interfering at every end and turn; but there's a medium between this and doing nothing but *passant regardant*, like a lion in heraldry. See him sauntering on the wrong side of the footpath as a rule. He must probably saunter or stroll, for there is nothing to be gained by his walking quickly: but why on the wrong side? We had hopes that when the working man got a vote he would be thereby immediately and thoroughly instructed in all the virtues and duties of life, and would share it in all his daily actions, particularly in keeping to his own, or the right hand side of the footpath. But he walks, as of old, "promiscus," as he would say; and the policeman not only never sets him right, but holds out continually an example of the way in which he should *not* walk.

Then he might do something towards keeping the footpaths in the town somewhat clear and safe. He has brought the savage carter to his call, and turned the wild 'busman into something like obedience at the intersections of the thoroughfare, and has thereby rendered it possible to cross a street without certain risk of limb, and now, if he will only step on to the flags, we will point out a few objects for his attention. Look at that cart, sizer's van, or lurry, the body of the vehicle safe inside the archway, and the horse, unconscious of evil, standing across the whole breadth of the footpath, or what should be such, and beyond, causing us to describe a very considerable semicircle into the mud or dust of the roadway. The footpath is of use to pass along on foot, and of no other, and a horse in shafts obstructs a footway as much as half-a-dozen betting men or waste dealers.

Along Pall Mall a noise as of a six-pounder fired close by gently tickles our sensorium. It is only a bundle of pieces thrown from a four-storey window over our heads on to a lurry by which we have just passed. A very slight miscalculation in the "pitching" would have broken our pitcher at the well in, literally, a crack. A message and then, if necessary, a summons "per Robert" would soon end this "fall in cloth." Similarly the chucker of yarn bundles just two inches, or less, above our hat, might be made to chuckle on the wrong side of his mouth, *coram* Headlam and a full bench.

Only a few days since was a carrier's cart standing, tail end on, to

what would be an archway if it had an arch instead of a square top, between our jeweller's at the corner of Bank-street and the shop whence come many "brands" for burning. From this cart a huge and heavy hogshead was about to be rolled. So the footpath was stopped up there. Endeavouring to go round by the horse's head, we found his nose within half a yard of the nose of a horse attached to a bottled-beer cart, standing parallel with such footpath as there is there. It was impossible to get round the tail of this cart, so there was nothing for it but to dodge between the two heads. We tried to discover which of the two was least likely to make a snap at our shoulder, and made a dash. This was in front of the Exchange, about twelve o'clock. We, therefore, indignant, sought a policeman to direct his attention to the obstruction. Not one was to be seen in Bank-street, nor in Exchange Street, nor in all St. Ann's Square! Now here was a case where a little proper and justifiable interference would have been a public convenience.

How about orange peel now? The walls have been duly placarded with notices, "by order" and so on, but did you ever see a policeman removing any of it with his foot or his cane on any such thoroughfare as London Road or Oldham Street? Never, we will be bound to say; and if you speak to them about it they glance round the horizon and say distinctly that perhaps they'll see about it. Are they afraid of being called orange-peelers?

This nuisance is common to the outskirts also, with another. How do you feel when you see a boy, three or four yards off, dabbing with his stick at the pointed end of a bit of wood, in order to raise it in the air, when, which done, he will strike it so nearly in the direction of your nose as he knows how? We have had four panes of glass broken and a waistcoat besmirched by the erratic tip-cat; and when "the active and intelligent" has been appealed to, he has simply replied that he has no instructions to interfere—ah!

The instructions given to the police seem founded upon the "how-not-to-do-it" principle, but we think that not only for the benefit of the public, but for the welfare of the men themselves, this silent chorus of we've got no work to do should be merged into a motivo of a staccato description.

HOW I SPENT WHITSUN-WEEK.

AFTER much cogitation how and where I should spend my holidays, or rather half-holidays, for as yet they are only a mongrel breed, (unless by special arrangement) I finally determined not to spend them at all. By this, let it not be understood that I determined to set myself down to hard work, but merely resolved not to go and seek after pleasure in any preconceived manner, but to let pleasure find me out, and take it myself in a leisurely, perfunctory, desultory sort of way. This is a course which combines many advantages. In the first place, having no preconceived anticipations you are not likely to be disappointed in the fruition of your hopes. Secondly, you are not liable to be banged about in cheap trips by rail and steam-boat to places which at Whitsuntide are as throng as Deansgate. Thirdly, by staying at home you are not exposed to the vicissitudes of the weather. If the weather is wet, you can remain mostly within doors, and if it is fine there are plenty of out-door pleasures to be found in Manchester and the neighbourhood.

I detest cheap trips at any time, and at this season in particular. The concomitant fat sandwiches, pork pies, rum and brandy bottles, and the *débris* and litter which cheap-trippers leave in their wake I do not denounce, but merely abhor in my own person. In the same way I find at most times except Whitsun-week, when few attend, that if I go to the pit of the theatre to enjoy a good play, I find my patience and pleasure materially interfered with by my right and left-hand neighbours, and my front and rear-rank man or woman indulging in oranges, pies, gin, and rum and water, while Jaques is declaiming the Seven Ages of Man, or Hamlet is endeavouring to solve for himself the question of To Be or Not to Be. The Lakes lose half their charm when you find them invaded by hordes of cheap-trippers. Blackpool and Southport are simply unendurable, and the Isle of Man, which involves the probabilities of a lumpy sea voyage, is very little better. I therefore, concluded to spend my holidays at home, and take the goods the gods should provide me with, and the following is an abridged edition of my diary for the week.

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benefits of early rising. The junior olive branches titter in the most unfilial manner, and evidently look upon me as a humbug. I dawdle over my newspaper and read Tichborne. I conclude that the claimant is Tichborne. By the time I have reached town I have become morally certain that he is no more Tichborne than I am. I find that the whole of the wandering strangers at the club are precisely of my opinion ; that is to say they can make neither top nor tail of the matter. Brutus, Cassius, and Marc Antony then have their daily religious wrangle, but have not yet succeeded in making one proselyte. Nevertheless, I suppose they will go on compassing sea and land for that purpose until next Whitsuntide. In the afternoon I am reminded by two small olive-branches—tender shoots or twigs I may call them—that I had promised to take them to Dunham Park. Accordingly, to those sylvan shades we repair, and fancy ourselves so many Jaqueses, Touchstones, and Orlandos, philosophizing among the sequestered stags. Nor is Motley really wanting, for we encounter a band of Ethiopian Ministrels, accompanied by a real Punch in the flesh, nose, chin, and hunch all complete. Fraternizing with these humourists we repair to the hostelry on the Bolling, and are there regaled with sundry melodies, walks-round, break-downs, and what not. The branches are delighted with Punch, and especially with Bones. After floating down the river on the Ohio, wishing we were with Nancy, singing, out of the way old Dan Tucker, and enquiring who's that knocking at the door, we take leave of our black friends, and are, darkies, off for the old house at home !

Thursday.—This morning I find that I fail in showing, by example, my precepts of early rising, and am unusually late. I determine, like Charles Lamb, to compromise this deficiency by coming home very early. At breakfast it is intimated to me, in the most insinuating way possible, that it will be quite convenient if I choose to absent myself for the day, and not come home to dinner. I am also given to understand that until bed-time the house will be under the sole lessee-ship of Mrs. Malone, an elderly and most respectable charwoman. At once, and in the most amiable manner, I enter into the arrangement. I forsee a real holiday before me. I perceive that I am not wanted to make one of certain pre-arranged excursionists, Sunday School trips, and flower-show visitors, so I submit with a good grace to these privations. I have nothing in view, so I resolve to moon. I do moon. I go to the club and discuss Tichborne as usual. We are more obfuscated about that obese gentleman than ever. I meet with my friend Epicurus. Being at a loss where to dine, that esteemed doctor of divinity recommends me to an excellent gastronomical symposium, where, at a trifling outlay, I dine upon most excellent and wholesome viands. In the evening I pay an un-surreptitious visit to the Theatre, and witness Miss Madge Robertson perform in *Plot and Passion*. I am delighted with that charming actress, and arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Kendal has burlesqued Bandmann so often in *The Frightful Heir* or Hair (I cannot tell which it is), that in serious parts he is more like Bandmann than Bandmann himself. I return home more amiable than ever, and find everything serene. To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new.

Friday.—This morning I awoke with the most charming reminiscences fresh in my recollection. I determine to re-visit the glimpses of the Moon—er, and by a little judicious diplomacy find that the way is clear. Mrs. Malone is still in command, so I immediately make things square with that mistress of the situation. Having mooned and Tichborned as usual, I was surprised in the afternoon, after many resolutions to the contrary, to find myself on the way to the races. I take a ticket for the grand stand and proceed to examine the horses. I don't know one from another, but for the Salford Cup I determine to back Dr. Temple, because he was at the longest odds of any animal in the race. Horselegs mutters that I am a flat and am upon the wrong horse. I deposit five shillings in the capacious fist of the gigantic Mr. John Greaves, member for Pontefract, and before I knew that the horses had started, Mr. John Greaves returns me two sovereigns. I feel triumphant, and Horselegs looks considerably chapfallen. I again determine to invest upon Her Majesty's Plate, but cannot reach Mr. John Greaves, so great is the crowd around him. I bawl out "What about Lumley ?" An insinuating voice whispers in my ear six sovereigns to two. I hand over the money. In five minutes Lumley had won, and I hastened off to find Hooker, of Hookemsnivey, who had laid me the wager. I fail to find him, and on asking Mr. John Greaves, M.P., if he knew Hooker, a smile overspread his benevolent features, and he sardonically exclaimed, "welshed." It was too true ; the judicious Hooker had hooked it. I return home, a sadder, a wiser, and a poorer man.

Saturday.—This morning I had considerable difficulty in making out what day of the week it was, so puzzling is a succession of half-holidays. By a severe process of reasoning I arrive at the correct conclusion. I have had about enough of my holidays, and am content to spend the day in obscurity. Still, in spite of the few mishaps which befel me, I think that one may do worse than spend Whitsun-Week at home.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MISMANAGEMENT ON 'CHANGE.

ANOTHER week of draughts, colds, shiverings, teeth chatterings, and rheumatisms on 'Change ! With a perverseness of ingenuity that is almost admirable, the Exchange managers have built up all the fire-places with solid bricks and mortar, thus closing an easy and efficacious mode of ventilation which was offensive to nobody. We thought the barbarous old custom of boarding up fire-places during the summer months had long since exploded, but the sapient managers of the Royal Exchange it seems approve of that ancient device for stopping ventilation and promoting fusty and obnoxious smells. As a consequence all the doors and many of the windows are systematically kept open, and, as we have already pointed out, thorough draughts sweep the room. It is almost amusing to watch the subscribers endeavouring to dodge the draughts, throwing out signals of distress by turning up the collars of their coats, and endeavouring to gain a lee-shore. Now that subscribers do not confine themselves to chimney-pot hats, we almost expect to see them appearing on 'Change with sou-westers on their heads, like so many old salts. Seriously speaking, this malpractice is beyond a joke. It is just as bad in the gallery, where, if you sit down to read the paper, you are immediately made painfully aware of something like a stream of cold water dribbling down the nape of your neck. All this week a keen north-east wind has been blowing ; but if you wish to feel it in all its force, and experience the consequences afterwards, we recommend you to spend half an hour upon the Manchester Exchange. One thing is clear—the directors do not set their subscribers lives "at a pin's fee." Perhaps they think that the animation and excitement of the Liverpool cotton market ought to be sufficient to keep them in a glow of heat.

MANCHESTER WINNERS AT ALTCAR.

At the County of Lancaster Rifle Association's meeting at Altcar last week, there were 194 prizes offered, and no fewer than forty-nine Manchester men were recorded as winners. The irrepressible Peake opened the ball by obtaining a prize in the All-comers' Match at 1,000 yards ; the Light Horse followed with two prizes in the Yeomanry contest ; and Peake again, with the small-bore, shared in a match for members of the Association. Among the fifty winners in the Cotton Brokers' Prize, a match for all-comers with regulation rifles, fifteen Manchester men turned up in good places ; and on the same day Maclise, of the First, secured the Legh Challenge Cup and £10, three of the subsidiary prizes also coming here, besides one won by Manchester M'Vittie, now of Dumfries. This cup is worth 80 guineas, and was won on the first occasion in 1860 by Kemp, of the Third, since which time it has been in various parts of the county. Friday saw the Lord-Lieutenant's £50 won by Walton, of the First, formerly in the Press Company of the Third. Ellesdon, of the First, took Lord Sefton's £15, and for the "added money" there were twenty Manchester claimants for the fifty prizes. Twice in five years has the Lord Lieutenant's first prize come to Manchester. The Wigan Challenge Cup, won in 1867 by the First, in 1868 by the Third, in 1869 by the First again, has gone to Colonel M'Corquodale's company, at Newton-le-Willows, the second and third prizes coming to Manchester. Mallineux, of the Third, on Saturday scored 45, and a centre on a wrong target, for the Association Grand Challenge Cup and bronze medal of the N. R. A., and was disqualified. Had it been "any other man" he would have been suspected of "seeing double" at the time. The winner of this prize is regarded as the county champion, and is entitled to shoot for the Prince of Wales's prize of £100 at Wimbledon, in July. In 1866

and again in 1868 Manchester won the bronze medal and the Prince's prize. The mishap to Mullineux, and the fact that the First Manchester didn't win the Volley Prize, prove the truth of the saying that there's many a slip between the (challenge) cup and the tip—of the foresight. Of the fifteen men selected to represent the county at Wimbledon, nine are taken from our First and Third Regiments The Regulars in Manchester, through Sergeant-Major Baldrey, 4th Dragoons, and Sergeant Cleary, 8th Foot, also won three prizes. The Manchester daily papers have given very inadequate and inaccurate reports of the shooting—the *Guardian* crediting one man with a score of 49 marks, when the highest possible total to be obtained was only 40; dividing the Lord-Lieutenant's £100 into four prizes respectively of the value of £50, £25, £25, and £10; describing one winner as belonging to a corps which long since became defunct; giving another prizeman to a battalion which never knew him; with other errors "too numerous to mention."

THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

It is strange how instances are every day occurring, if we only heard of them, of what we are in the habit of calling inopportune deaths. A few examples of such fatalities that have happened latterly occur to us. Captain Harrison, the first Commander of the Great Eastern, after escaping the accident which attended her launching, the blowing up of one of her boilers at sea, and other dangers, was drowned out of a small boat, almost in a puddle within a few yards of the shore. Last winter, Mr. Walter, eldest son of the chief proprietor of *The Times*, after a tour round the world, fell through the ice on the day after his arrival at home and was drowned. Last week, George Stevens, the steeplechase jockey, who had perhaps ridden and won as many of these perilous encounters as any man living, and escaped their dangers, was thrown from his hack while riding quietly home and killed. Again, one of the Duke of Edinburgh's tars, who had just returned from a cruise extending over several years, no sooner sets his foot on shore, than he gets killed by a tame elephant, which was his own especial pet, or loses his life in his endeavours to escape from the terrified animal. Well may the old proverb say—

Man proposes: God disposes.

THE GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE TURF.

At Ascot, this week, the race for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, one of the richest racing prizes of the year, illustrates most remarkably the variableness of the running of the best three-year old horses this season. First, at Newmarker, Albert Victor beats Favonius, the Derby winner, by a head. Then in the Two Thousand Guineas Race Bothwell wins easily, Sterling being second, and King of the Forest third, the latter beating Ripponden only by a head. After this comes the Derby, which Favonius, formerly beaten by Albert Victor, wins easily, King of the Forest and Albert Victor running a dead heat for second place, with Bothwell nowhere. Next Hannah wins the Oaks with ease, distancing horses, or rather mares, which had previously been close up with the victors we have named. To crown all, on Tuesday last, at Ascot, King of the Forest easily beats Ripponden, who had previously run him to a head at even weights, and now gives him 12lbs. Hannah only manages to get third, and Sterling and Bothwell, who both defeated King of the Forest before, are neither of them in the first three. There is no reason to suppose that these races were not contested fairly, and we believe they were. Probably horses are like human beings, and are in much better condition and more competent to make an effort on one day than upon another. At all events, the uncertainty of racing no doubt imparts to it much of its zest. With the exception of Favonius, the horses above mentioned have to meet again for the St. Leger, on Doncaster Moor, in September, and the Tykes will have no reason to complain of any lack of interest and excitement in their favourite sport.

MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS ABROAD: QUERY, IGNORANCE OR VANITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

Sir,—I wish you would do a service to the Volunteer force by a mild reproof in your columns on the subject of wearing uniform in the streets when not on duty, and upon the subject of appearing on public promenades dressed, if I may so express it, "half and half." There is something very humiliating to a right-minded Volunteer officer to see a brother officer in a black frock-coat and a regimental cap, and I assure you I frequently saw such a sight at Southport last week; and you will hardly credit me that all the officers of one of our Volunteer regiments were in Southport several days, in uniforms of different degrees of grandeur, marching up and down the pier, booted, spurred, and with whips, and looking the most egregious donkeys possible to conceive. They actually went out sailing in a yacht in full fig, and took their riding whips with them! After this you will not be surprised to hear that they were frequently seen playing billiards in a public room in resplendent mess jackets of scarlet. These gallant officers were *not* shooting at Altcar. They may have been on duty there in some capacity, but enquiry failed to establish the fact. Such proceedings cast a slur upon the entire force.—I enclose my card, and am, sir, yours respectfully,

AN OLD VOLUNTEER.

June 5th, 1871.

GLEANINGS FROM "GUARDIAN" THE FIRST.

III.

IN place of the London correspondent who is now attached to the modern daily provincial newspaper, and who generally reads to us like a literary horse turned loose into a field without any headstrap on, and permitted to kick up his heels at discretion or the reverse, the first number of the *Guardian* contained a "stick" full or so of what was called "Private Correspondence," dated "Royal Exchange (London), Thursday night," which was as near as one could at that time get to the Saturday's publication. The last paragraph of this correspondence will be very interesting to the fundholder of to-day. We quote it in full:—

Funds have improved to-day, though not materially. Consols for money advanced to 72⅜ and for a/c to 72½. As the third reading of the Cash Payments Bill will probably take place to-morrow, it is thought that it will be acted upon by the Bank of England next week, and that a great quantity of gold and silver will be immediately put in circulation. Jews, who are supposed to be well acquainted with the subject, have been again purchasing stock to-day both for money and for time, and act under the impression that the funds will be higher.

Apparently this was all the "money article" we got at that period. We find no trade report of a local character, and none of those letters from correspondents which now-a-days are so interesting to their authors if not to the public. A quotation of 73 for consols was a very dainty dish to set before His most gracious Majesty, whose birthday had been celebrated on that very Thursday at Buckingham House, by "one of the most splendid and fullest drawing rooms held for many years." But as respects finance operations, generally, we perceive that Jews were "supposed to be well acquainted with the subject" then, just as they are at present—a very quaint way of putting it.

In another portion of the paper we read that His Majesty was about to make a journey to Germany, and that the "house of Rothschild has just received orders from London to be ready with funds for the supply of the King of England" on that journey. No doubt the house of Rothschild was "well acquainted with the subject," in which it may be said that it has remained pretty well posted ever since. If His Majesty the King had been told at that day that a member of the house of Rothschild would subsequently sit in the House of Commons as member for the city, what would he have said? What would his ministers have said—Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and Palmerston? Remember, Peterloo was then not two years old; that Oliver, the government spy, was even then scarcely choked off; and that the police of Manchester was represented chiefly by Nadin the bold and the tyrannous.

The following little paragraph may be read with interest at Chiselhurst at this moment:—"By the arrival of a free trader from the Indies the latest news regarding Buonaparte has reached London. The letters from St. Helena are to the 2nd ult. He

enjoyed a very good state of health, expressed much satisfaction at his new house, and passed a good deal of his time in alluding to the decoration of it." We see the great Emperor, hands behind his back, looking "at his new house," and trying by that little distraction to drown the memories of Austerlitz, Marengo, Moscow, and Waterloo. So small the focus of ambition now—so narrow the point to which the mighty mind was brought! A "new house" will soon have to be built upon the site of the quondam palace of the Napoleons in Paris. Will a descendant of the man of St. Helena or the man of Sedan attend to the decorations of the new palace of the Tuileries? When will rest and peace and tranquil industry be given to poor France again and head-way be made against her sea of trouble? We hear of the genius of a nation—of a people—and, hearing, we are perplexed at the fate of France and the directing finger of the Inscrutable which has mapped out her course during these fifty years. Is it race or religion, physics or metaphysics, which decide these things? Come forward Count of Chambord, or thou keen Worcestershire fox-hunter, Duc d'Aumale, and tell us what your notions are! Scrambling for this perilous throne like commercial travellers for an order for soap, do you know how to do the work you essay, or is it to be all a scramble? Something has turned up, as Mr. Micawber would say, but it is difficult to believe that this great upheaving of the Sahara whirlwind has only been to help you to the top. Should you not know, and we fear you do not, the meaning of all this—should you look at it like poor Elchos or men of that calibre—better by far remain at Frohsdorff and in the sweet vale of Evesham. We shall see. But a litter of blind puppies possesses as much introspection as the men who fail to detect in the seething cauldron of Communism only the picture of rascaldom and of ferocity, or who forget in the contemplation of this awful catastrophe the pregnant syllables, "What a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The following neat little puff of an insurance office would scarcely go down now except as an advertisement, for which the parties concerned would now, no doubt, be willing to pay very handsomely. Our contemporary was very easy going in the year 1821 :—

One of our Manchester contemporaries lately announced the sudden death of John Ikin, Esq., of Mirfield, by a fall from his horse whilst riding at full speed (as was his custom). On the 9th ult. this gentleman received from Messrs. Higson and Hughes, the agents in Manchester of the Norwich Union Fire Office, £765 in discharge of his claim on that office for a cotton mill recently destroyed by fire at Mossley, and his representatives have now a claim for £3,000 on that office in consequence of his death. Mr. Ikin was about 45 years of age, and his appearance was what may be fairly called "a picture of perfect health." This catastrophe deserves the serious attention of every man, and affords a pointed illustration of the paramount necessity of life insurance.

We do not learn whether as John Ikin, Esq., always rode "at full speed" he paid any extra premium, but it is obvious that in this paragraph he was considered to be rather a lucky man, inasmuch as being "a picture of perfect health" he was thrown from his horse and was killed, after having pocketed £765 within a month previously for the loss of his cotton mill. Probably had Mr. Ikin not been insured his horse would not have thrown him, but there is no reason to believe that the intelligent animal was in the pay of the Norwich Union Life Office, though his illustration of the paramount necessity of life insurance was undoubtedly pretty pointed. We commend this paragraph to Mr. Rickards, of the Scottish Provident Society, and request him, as an exercise in the study of character, to take an analogous paragraph to Mr. Dowman of the *Manchester Guardian* now, and calmly await the few remarks—if any—which that eminent journalist will feel constrained to make upon such an enterprize. If the memory of that interview be not seared upon Mr. Rickards' memory as with a hot iron, then we most distinctly declare that we don't know what's what, or who's who, or who isn't. When the little Sunday scholar was asked what he should have done had he, like Daniel, have been in the den of lions, he answered and said that he should have wished to have been with his mother. For lions read Dowman, and apply the parable.

THE FRAUDS OF COMMERCE.

I.—ON RAILWAY COMPANIES.

ONE of the many intricacies of railway management is the department known among the officials as the "Claims Office," which, in large companies, is an extensive and somewhat complicated branch, under the direction and control usually of the General Goods Manager. This department has a separate and distinct staff of clerks, the principal of which is, or is assumed to be, a gentleman of considerable experience in railway goods traffic, and especially is supposed to possess an accurate knowledge of carriers' liabilities to the general public for loss or detention of goods or merchandize *in transitu*. The claims arising out of collisions or accidents on the passenger line are dealt with by a separate management. With that department which is one well known to the public, we do not propose to deal, our purpose being to illustrate the routine of the goods claims department by the citation of some curious incidents which have from time to time come to our knowledge, and the nature of which is almost unknown outside the circle of the railway world.

Until within the last ten years the ordinary claims made upon the railway companies in their capacity as common carriers were comparatively few and insignificant, but during recent years the mercantile traders have become gradually alive to the fact that railway companies have enjoyed too much of their own way, and that it only needs a little courage and perseverance to obtain compensation for damage sustained by goods during transit. Not content with the satisfaction of just demands, merchants have become bolder in their exactions, until at length the companies have, in many cases, been subjected to systematic extortion and downright fraud. Of these fictitious claims we will give a few illustrations, premising that business firms of "respectability" are not unfrequently implicated in transactions of which these are examples.

A firm in the yarn trade, of acknowledged position in this city, received a quantity of yarn from Yorkshire, which, upon delivery to them, was found to be wet and thereby damaged. The value was claimed and paid by the carriers, who had the salvage examined by an agent with the view of disposing of it. The agent stated that the yarn was quite sound and a refuse. This aroused suspicion, and the carriers' detective was furnished with the facts for inquiry. He visited the senders, who disowned the article, and the result of the investigation proved that, although the yarn was wet when delivered to the consignees, it was not deteriorated to the extent which rendered it (as represented to the carriers) useless, but had been sent to the bleachers as usual, who dealt with it without any loss whatever. The salvage given up to the carriers was a quantity of waste rubbish, and valueless.

Another highly respectable firm received regularly consignments of bonnet shapes from London, the claims for damages to which were both frequent and heavy. The nature of the damage was uniformly the same, viz., rust of the wire frames, caused by wet or damp. Suspicion being created, the matter was placed in the hands of the railway police. Enquiries showed that the goods had not been laden near the engine; no rain had fallen for some days; the forwarder and receiver were one and the same firm; the weight of evidence was strongly in favour of the conclusion that the shapes were old, out of fashion, and had been so damaged in every instance upon the sender's premises.

Occasionally tradesmen claim for the loss of property actually and knowingly received. Last autumn a case of cutlery was despatched from Sheffield for Liverpool, the receiver of which claimed from the carrier the value of the articles alleged to be missing. The package was traced step by step from the sender's premises correctly, and upon minute examination showed little signs of tampering; but since railway thieves are expert this evidence is unimportant. The detective suspected the owner himself, and in his absence obtained the invoice from an assistant; this was found to be checked off in every particular, but it was explained away by saying the ticks referred to the prices and not

the articles. Recourse was then had to stratagem. Some days subsequently another officer called at the shop in the way of business, and after purchasing some trifles, enquired for a particular kind of carving knives, when the cutler, thrown off his guard, produced two of the identical articles alleged to be missing! There happened to be others of the missing property actually exposed for sale in the window.

Such are the facilities for defrauding carriers with impunity that it extends to the servants of merchants and traders. As an instance a packer of a case of valuable silk keeps back a portion as if it had been accidentally overlooked, and in due time the recipient reports a deficiency. A claim is lodged with the railway company, and payment demanded. Careful investigation is resultless. Should the carriers really make a stand (which they rarely do) and decline to pay upon the ground no pilferage occurred while in their possession, an action is brought against them, which they lose with ample costs. And why? The packer swears he delivered the correct quantity to the carriers, and the consignees swear they receive a certain less quantity; *therefore* the judge or jury decide the pilferage *must* have occurred in transit, for which the carriers are liable.

When the goods are of a heavy description detection of pilferages is the more readily achieved, as the custom is to weigh each package before forwarding from the station, which is a check against the receiving weight. But where the sender's weight is accepted by the officials, which is often done in the hurry and confusion of the moment, the onus of any loss is thrown upon the company, because the officials will never admit having neglected the rule of weighing all goods before despatch. A systematic fraud was lately detected in Sheffield on the part of a wine merchant's servant, whose practice was to tender the cases and the *weight* at a busy time at the station; but in one instance he overlooked it, which led to the discovery of an extensive system of robbery by the merchant's cellar-man, who was an old and valued servant.

The eagerness of the public to impose upon railway companies is evidenced by the almost general practice of exaggerating to an incredible extent the value of missing property. This is unquestionably a common failing, and, in many instances, a serious fraud. A. B. & Co., sent a case from Manchester to Leeds, which unaccountably got astray in transit, and all trace of it was lost. It was supposed to have been bodily carried off by thieves, and an invoice was reluctantly asked from A. B. & Co. by the company. This showed the contents to be silk goods of the value of £100 odd. Subsequently the identical parcel was found in the lost luggage office, London, and the contents proved to be *samples* of silk only, of no marketable value!

Even to private uncommercials the temptation to "do" the carriers seems irresistible. A short time ago, a lady of apparent means and position removed from Manchester to Glasgow, when one of eleven packages got lost, and the value claimed, some £30, was about being paid without demur, when the unlucky hamper turned up in an out-of-the-way corner. Upon examination it was found to contain just—— well it was a lady's trick.

Occasionally accidents of an exceptional nature occur which place the railway companies completely in the power of the public. Some two years ago a collision occured near Carlisle between goods trains. Attached to one of them was a van of gunpowder. This blew up and utterly annihilated goods, wagons, and everything in the immediate neighbourhood. The London and North-Western were the sufferers and delinquents; the loss could not be much less than fifty thousand pounds. In a case of this kind there is no help for it but accept as correct the invoices tendered by the respective owners of the destroyed property, nor is it possible to check the values except by causing an inspection of the merchants' books, which, however, would not for a moment be tolerated, especially where there is a competing line.

A gigantic and successful system of robbery in connexion with the railway lines between Manchester and London has been in full swing for some seven years, and, we believe, is still undetected. Indeed, it has been a mystery baffling alike the experienced officers of Scotland Yard and the increased and persevering vigilance of the railway detectives. It first came under the notice of the managers in this wise:—One of the principal shipping firms in Manchester lodged with the carriers a claim of say £100, the value of a quantity of shirtings abstracted from a case of goods delivered to them about one year previously, and consigned to a shipping agent in London. This was accompanied by a certificate from Bombay, attested by two surveyors who were present upon the said case being opened immediately after coming out of the ship. This document proved that the case had been opened at the bottom, the goods abstracted, a corresponding quantity of shavings stuffed in the vacant place, and the bottom replaced. The tin and wrappering covering the goods had been dexteriously cut, and, before opening the case, these presented no appearance or evidence of having been tampered with in the slightest degree. The claim was placed in the hands of the police for investigation. The detectives traced the particular package through all the usual stages, from the packer's premises direct on board the vessel, so far as it was possible to do so twelve months after its shipment, without the slightest clue to the thieves. This claim was speedily followed by a score more of precisely the same nature and form, differing only in the amounts, from many other merchants, but although every effort was made to clear up the mystery it remained impenetrable. In an evil hour the managers, believing the robberies were solely connected with their own line, and with the view of preventing publicity which would seriously affect their traffic, fully liquidated each claim, thereby acknowledging their guilt and liability. By-and-by a further batch of exactly similar claims startled the officials, and again and again did these mysterious claims turn up under like circumstances, with like fruitless results. It was soon discovered that the "other company" and the "other carriers" were in the same boat, but having already paid the previous demands it was still considered policy to settle, and so keep the matter quiet. For years these companies have been expending immense sums annually, without bringing the culprits to justice or having the satisfaction of discovering all the details and place of the robberies. Even while the police were on the alert and watch the pilferages continued; but it has been proved beyond doubt that the thefts occurred after dispatch from the arrival stations in London, and while the goods were being barged to the docks. The railway companies in these cases could not legally be held accountable for any one of the pilferages, because no evidence could be adduced that the robberies took place while the goods were *in transitu* under their care, and because they held good receipts from the consignees of the goods. The railway manager, however, favoured the merchants, and the shareholders have had to pay the piper.

TO BOLTON ABBEY WITH THE FIELD-NATURALISTS.

WHATEVER may be said or thought of the scientific advantages of a trip with the Field Naturalists there can be no question as to the excellence of the society's excursionist arrangements. If any concessions are to be had from railway companies or hotel-keepers, or if any privileges are to be got from the owners of castles, parks, or gardens our botanical friends have the knack of obtaining them. We found also on the occasion of our journey to Bolton Abbey on Whitsun-Friday that the place to be visited had already been specially inspected by a gentleman delegated for the purpose, a suitable hotel selected, the necessary refreshment ordered, and vehicles engaged to convey the party over the six miles between Skipton and Bolton Bridge. Furthermore, the same gentleman, aided by a sort of first mate, relieved us of all trouble in the matter of booking, undertook all the brow-beating and flattering of the various officials and attendants, and the bestowment of the requisite "tips," insisted upon our receiving every tittle of our just rights, and moved to and fro in the discharge of his various duties with an irrepressible energy which excited our profoundest admiration. We felt like a lady in the charge of her natural protector, and, bidding adieu to care, resigned ourselves to thoughts of pleasure only.

The excursion was a joint one with the members of the Scientific Students' Association, and about seventy ladies and gentlemen associated with one or other of the two societies assembled on the platform of the Victoria Station in time for the departure of the 8 45 train. When our readers consider the line by which we travelled they will not be surprised to learn that our train was a little behind time in leaving Manchester and very much behind time on arriving at Skipton. We cannot make use of the conventional expression and term our journey a "flight by rail," but shall more accurately describe it as a leisurely run

through rising manufacturing towns, the houses of which, built firstly of brick and latterly of stone, together with the various chimneys and flag-staffs, seemed desirous of emulating the renowned tower of Pisa or the celebrated steeple of Chesterfield Church. But Manchester people in Whitsun-week love to exercise the risible faculty, and amidst continued laughter the country through which we travelled received but little attention from the botanical inhabitants of our compartment. An official at Colne had some difficulty in realizing what ought to be done with us, inasmuch as we could not be made out to be either cheap-trippers or "regular" passengers, but a slight controversey ended in our being forwarded to our destination.

The man of philosophic mind who indulges in excursions on public holidays finds his true pleasure in the mishaps and odd adventures which are sure to befall him. Individually, therefore, we were rather amused than hurt, to learn on arriving at the Black Horse that our enterprizing host, in consequence of the late arrival of our train, had let out our carriages to an earlier band of sightseers. This meant that we should have to wait an hour and a half, viz., till half-past one, before we could start for Bolton. A number of eager botanists who were of opinion that science did not thrive if starved, gladly seized the opportunity to partake of a substantial luncheon; after which, there being a probability that pedestrians starting immediately would reach the Abbey at least as soon as the laden vehicles, a walking party was formed, which we joined. Skipton is a clean-looking, stone-built town, the inhabitants of which apparently live principally upon public-houses. It may be termed the capital of Craven. It possesses a large market-place, at the upper end of which stands the church, and behind that again, the castle. Skipton, no doubt, owes its existence as a town to its castle, which was originally built by Robert de Romillé, the first Norman possessor of the lands which constitute the parish of Skipton after they had been wrested from the Saxon owners. This individual selected the site which appeared to him most adapted for his stronghold. From his descendants the barony passed, in the reign of Edward the First, into the possession of the Crown, and was conferred by the second Edward upon his favourite Piers de Gaveston. In the same reign it became the property of Roger de Clifford. The Cliffords, subsequently earls of Cumberland, were Lords of the Honour of Skipton until the failure of male heirs caused the estate to pass, on the death of the last earl in 1643, to his niece Anne, the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, by whom it was bequeathed to the earls of Thanet. The castle stood several sieges, and was completely dismantled by the Parliamentarians. It was restored by the Countess of Pembroke. Portions of the original building can still be seen. Skipton Church was probably founded at the same time as the castle, though the present structure belongs to several periods. Beneath the altar is the vault of the Cliffords, in which lie the skeletons of the five earls of Cumberland and other members of the family.

Passing the church and castle, we continued for three miles along the high road, making a series of steep ascents and descents, then, entering a lane to the left, walked through the village of East Halton, in which we saw no living object but an old woman and a little girl. Turning by the end of a barn and through a gateway, we next crossed some fields, emerging from these into a green lane overshadowed by trees, which gave us a foretaste of Bolton woods. The sides of the channel at each side of this lane were literally covered with forget-me-nots. This lane led to the high road, opposite the hole in the wall through which pedestrians descend to the abbey. Here we encountered the last coach bringing the rear of our party. A few minutes more and we were walking mid the ruins. We do not mean to say that Bolton Abbey can be compared advantageously, so far as the extent of the remains and the delicacy of the carving are concerned, with the more magnificent ruins which we have seen at Melrose and elsewhere, but in picturesqueness of appearance and loveliness of situation it is equalled by few, if by any, of its statelier rivals. The soft beauty of the green glade in which it stands; the surrounding hills; the proximity of the luxuriant woods; the placid surface of the lovely Wharfe, which, after tearing impetuously through its rocky barriers, here glides peacefully along, as if in deference to the sacred walls; the grey ruins with their windowless gothic arches, empty stone coffins, and neighbouring grave yard, all combine to make a scene of peculiar calmness and solemnity Bolton Abbey has become celebrated through Landseer's famous picture, *Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time.* The story of its foundation is romantic, and has been woven into a poem by Wordsworth. About a mile and a half from the Abbey, in the midst of Bolton Woods, the bed of the Wharfe is contracted by jutting rocks for some distance into a narrow passage, through which the water pours with tremendous fury. From the fact that it is possible to leap or stride across this channel it has long borne the name of The Strid. A Priory was originally founded at Embsay in 1121 by William de Meschines and his wife Cecilia de Romillé, but thirty-three years afterwards it was translated to Bolton and endowed with lands by the daughter of the founders in consequence of the death of her son called the Boy of Egremond. He was the last hope of the family and was drowned through leaping the Strid while holding a greyhound in the leash, the dog holding back and thus pulling the youth into the current. Such is the legend. The Priory was dissolved in 1540, and in 1542 the site and demesnes were sold to Henry Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland. Through the marriage of Elizabeth Clifford, daughter and heiress of the last earl, to Richard, Earl of Burlington, they passed by inheritance into the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire to whom they now belong. Before the destruction of the Abbey the Cliffords were interred at Bolton. Only a portion of the church walls are standing, the dormitory, refectory, and other offices having almost entirely disappeared. But the indications which remain are still sufficient to enable the visitor with leisure to rebuild in imagination the vanished edifices. The nave of the church was least injured, and is used as the modern parish church, having been completely repaired. In it, under the organ, is the vault of the Claphams. On the right can be seen, contrived in the thickness of the wall, the passage along which the monks passed to matins.

Leaving the ruins we passed for about half a mile over a rich greensward, the valley gradually narrowing into a steep-sided gorge. Entering beneath umbrageous woods of hawthorn, ash, and beach, growing out of a blue carpet of hyacinths and shadowing romantic dells and miniature ravines profusely covered with vegetation, we reached the Strid. Here one of our number, in leaping, slipped back into the water. Fortunately for him the current was comparatively mild, and, swimming down the stream to a convenient landing-place, he succeeded in escaping the fate of young Romillé. We hope he has since been none the worse for his wetting. Above the Strid the scene continues to grow wilder, the bed of the river abounding in huge boulders. A charming walk of two miles in that direction brings the traveller to Barden Tower, the favourite residence of the "Good Lord Clifford." After the death of "Black-faced Clifford" and the defeat of the Lancastrians—whose cause he had espoused—in the battle of Towton, the Lady Clifford and her son disappeared. The boy was brought up as a common shepherd until the accession of Henry the Seventh, when he was reinstated in the rights of his ancestors. On emerging from obscurity he was thoroughly illiterate. Retiring to Barden he devoted himself to study, and appears to have lived the life of a simple-minded and modest man, beloved by his tenants.

> In him the savage virtue of the race,
> Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead:
> Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place
> The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Assisted by the monks of Bolton he studied astronomy, and is likewise said to have had a share in those researches in alchemy in which the good brotherhood are known to have indulged. Barden Tower also was repaired by the Countess of Pembroke, but is now in a state of complete dilapidation.

Time did not permit the Field Naturalists to advance beyond the Strid, so, leaping the narrow passage to the intense disgust of a native bystander, who remarked that *that* was not a *stride*, we joined the ladies who had crossed by the bridges and returned along the farther bank of the river. In recrossing the stream by the stepping-stones opposite the Abbey, a favourable opportunity was afforded for the botanical young gentlemen to take hold of the botanical young ladies' hands. Reclining on the bank, watching the procession, the passage seemed to us to take an unconscionable length of time. Giving a last fond look at the Abbey, we climbed to the top of a coach, and, after a pleasant drive amongst the Craven hills, sat down to an excellent tea at the Black Horse. Repairing next to the station we saw the Salford trippers depart, and took our place in the "regular" train. Regular, forsooth! If "regular" means being driven backwards and forwards like a shuttlecock between two battledores; stopping where there was a station-house and also stopping where there was no station-house; now creeping like a snail, now rattling along as if we were playing at "relieve, oh," then we were regular. We saw the sun sink luridly behind the distant hills, the shades of night gather round the lonely summit of Pendle, the moon stream across hedge and field and water, and at length, after being five hours and a half in travelling thirty-nine miles, we walked by midnight through the moonlit streets of old Manchester, still crowded with revellers, and, having reached our domicile, sank into bed with a mind full of mingling memories of lovely scenes, meditation and laughter, and slept the sleep of the tired.

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Saturday, June 10th, and following Evenings. Great Success and Last Six Nights of Mr. JOHN NASH and Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE WARE'S ROYAL EXCELSIOR DIORAMIC ENTERTAINMENT! "Town and Country," from the Free Trade Hall. T. B. BURTON has great pleasure in announcing that he has Re-engaged THE GREAT JOLLY NASH and Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE WARE'S CONCERT PARTY for Six Nights longer. These, in conjunction with the Concert Hall Artistes, form one of the Greatest Companies ever engaged. Notwithstanding the enormous expense incurred, T. B. B. being wishful to give all his Patrons a treat, there will be No Alteration in Prices. Mr. JOHN NASH and Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE WARE'S ILLUSTRATED CONCERTS! or, Songs and Scenes of Many Lands, with Appropriate Costumes and Magnificent Scenery. Vocal, Musical, Humorous, Characteristic Illustrations by Mr. JOHN JOLLY NASH, The Premiere Humourist, and the only acknowledged Comique to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family. Humorous, Pathetic, and Characteristic Impersonations by Mrs. GEORGE WARE, the Versatile and Piquant Vocalist, of the London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Manchester Evening Concerts. Miss TERESA BRUNELLI, the Enchanting Contralto, from La Scala, Milan. Mr. GEORGE WARE, the Excelsior Buffo, Author, and Composer. Descriptive Scenes, Songs, and Ballads, by Mr. ST. CLAIR, the Eminent Tenor Robusto. Mr. CLIFTON, the Talented Bass Vocalist. Mr. and Mrs. CON, the Celebrated Duettists. Mr. H. BREESE, Comic. Mons. LE LEGIERE and Troupe, Seven in number, "The Wonders of the World," in their Novel Entertainments, Male and Female Acrobats, Pantomimists, Dancers, &c. BROWN and NEWLAND, the Eccentric Burnt Cork Artistes. Miss A. BURTON, Serio-Comic Vocalist. Last Week of Mr. and Mrs. HEMFREY, Comic Duettists. Last Week of HARRY DALES, the Eccentric Nigger, alias "Lazy Sam."

NOTICE.
FRIDAY, JUNE 16th, 1871,
FAREWELL BENEFIT OF
JOLLY NASH.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.

Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Huston Street, near Hampstead Road, London. N.B. Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.
Every Evening, at Seven o'clock,
A. Halliday's Drama,
LITTLE EM'LY,
With New Scenes by Messrs. Dayes and Caney.
Mr. Wilkins Micawber.....Mr. G. F. Rowe.
Dan'l Peggotty.....Mr. S. Emery.
(Their original characters.)
Box Office open from Eleven till Two.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company Limited.
EVERY EVENING
Will be produced BOUCICAULT'S New Drama,
ELFIE:
OR, THE CHERRY TREE INN.
In which will appear:

Mr. HENRY NEVILLE, from the Olympic, Adelphi, and Gaiety Theatres.

Mr. W. RIGNOLD, from the Princess's Theatre.

Mr. PARSELLE, from the Strand and Haymarket Theatres.

Mr. HOLSTON, from the Holborn and Drury Lane Theatres.

Miss EMILY FOWLER, from the Charing Cross and Gaiety Theatres.

Miss LYDIA FOOTE, from the Olympic, Prince of Wales, and Globe Theatres.

Under the direction of Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.
Concluding with
WHO SPEAKS FIRST.
Commence at half-past Seven. Box Office open from eleven to two.

MANCHESTER SWIMMING SCHOOL, TATTON STREET, HULME.
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
OPEN DAILY, from 6 a.m. till dusk.
On and after Monday, June 12, these Baths will be RESERVED FOR LADIES from 11 a.m. till 4 p.m.
Admission, 6d. each.
Ladies must provide their own bathing costumes.

ROYAL POMONA PALACE AND GARDENS,
Sole Proprietor, JAMES REILLY.
The above popular and splendidly-appointed
PALACE,
covering 1¼ acre,
with the elegant Refreshment-room, IS NOW OPEN for the Season. The recent Elaborate
DECORATIONS
have rendered it the Most Fashionable and Agreeable Place of Amusement in the City. The Celebrated
PALACE BAND,
under the able direction of Mr. O. Gaggs,
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY,
At Three o'clock.
Admission, 6d. each. No extra charge.
Sundays, for promenade, 3d. each.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.
NOW OPEN, with
Danson and Sons' Grand Daylight Picture of the CITY AND FORTS OF STRASBURG.
Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday Evening, at dusk, will be represented the Magnificent Spectacle of the
SIEGE, DEFENCE, AND FALL OF STRASBURG;
concluding with Colossal Transparency of
PEACE WELCOMED BY EUROPE,
surrounded by a Brilliant Display of Fireworks.
The Military Band of the Gardens will be in attendance daily from three p.m.
The Extensive Zoological Collection, the Pleasure Boats and Steamers on the Lakes, the Museum, Mazes, Conservatories, Ferneries, and all the other attractions daily.
The NEW CHINESE TEA ROOMS, decorated by the Messrs. Danson and Sons, of London, will be open for the supply of tea and other refreshments.
Admission to the Gardens, 6d.; Mondays and Wednesdays, 1s. after Four p.m.; Saturdays, 1s. after Five.

HATS,
THE NEWEST STYLES AND BEST VALUE,
AT
J. MURGATROYD'S,
198, DEANSGATE,
OPPOSITE JACKSON'S ROW.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
NOTICE.
[*Read this with care and attention.*]

THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)

Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained

24 PRIZE MEDALS

in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.

N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.

As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After a trial is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
without SEMOLINA. is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.

MAYAR'S HOMINY,
produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

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HAIR DYE, 3s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS
Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
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SEWING MACHINES.—THE GREATEST VARIETY OF THE BEST CLASS AT REDUCED PRICES.
SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLES, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES.—REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
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CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
NOTICE.

The Public is respectfully informed that COPIES of this Company's TOURIST PROGRAMME, replete with information as to routes, fares, facilities, and conditions, for all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, are now to be obtained at all the Booking Offices on the line.—By order.

Office of the Superintendent of the Line,
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.
CHEAP EXCURSIONS FOR THE SEASON.

Every Saturday, Monday, and Thursday, commencing on June 10, and continuing until further notice:—

To BLACKPOOL (the Brighton of the North), SOUTHPORT (the Montpelier of England), FLEETWOOD, LYTHAM, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester (Victoria Station), 7 15 a.m.; Miles Platting, 7 a.m.; Salford, 7 20 a.m.; Oldfield, Road, 7 23 a.m. Fares, returning same day, 2s 6d.; within eight days, 4s. 6d.

Every Monday and Saturday from June 10, from the same stations, and at the same times:—

To BELFAST, via Fleetwood (shortest route), DUBLIN, via Liverpool, available for 15 days, 9s.

To ISLE OF MAN, available for one month, 9s. 6d.

Also for eight days to CONISTON, GRANGE, WINDERMERE, or FURNESS ABBEY, 8s. 6d.; PENRITH, 10s.; KESWICK, 11s.

See bills for fuller particulars; also, for Excursions to the above-mentioned places, at proportionately cheap fares on the same days, from Oldham, Ashton, Rochdale, Bolton, Blackburn, and nearly all stations on the line.

Excursion Tickets are also issued to NORTH WALES from certain stations as per handbills and posters.

Office of Superintendent of the Line, By order.
Victoria Station, Manchester, June, 1871.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—

SAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of ARCHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS

WEDDING CAKES.—Messrs. PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.

Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners, Ball Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.

For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.

18, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE.

Now ready. Price One Penny,
SCHOOL BOARDS AND THE EDUCATION ACT, in connection with Religion, and with the principles of the Liberation Society.
By the Rev. C. WHITAKER, B.A.
Manchester: JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate. London: F. PITMAN, Paternoster Row.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
EFFECTUALLY or no CHARGE.
W. H. JOHNSON & CO.,
ALBERT WORKS, 14, CITY ROAD, MANCHESTER.
HOUSE PAINTERS, REPAIRERS OF PROPERTY, &c.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES.
The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.

Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
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BLUE BOAR HOTEL, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.—Restaurant daily from 12 to 3; DINNERS provided on the shortest notice; WINES, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c., of the best quality.
F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

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JOHN HEYWOOD'S
PENNY POCKET GUIDES
TO

Llandudno	Scarborough.
Isle of Man.	Southport and Lytham.
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Sold by all Booksellers and at all Railway Bookstalls.

STALEY'S AROMATIC MIXTURE, for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Receipt of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 18s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS.
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.

During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys; and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.

Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.

Never at fault.—In all irritations of the skin, sores, ulcers, burns, and scrofulous enlargements of the glands, Holloway's Ointment presents a ready and easy means of cure, which never disappoints the most favourable expectation. It manifests a peculiar power in restraining inflammation, removing stagnation, cooling the heated blood, and checking all acrimonious or unhealthy discharges. Whilst the Ointment thus acts locally, the Pills are no less remarkable for their power in improving the general condition and habit of body, which renders the cures complete and permanent. Under the general influence of these potent remedies the puny infant becomes the robust child, the pale and emaciated regain colour and rotundity, and the dispeptic eats freely without fear.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.

OWEN'S PATENT
PERAMBULATORS

Will hold either ONE OR TWO children without any increase in the width of the Carriage from that of an ordinary SINGLE ONE.

Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing OPINIONS of the PRESS on this novel INVENTION.

NEW CARRIAGE SHOW ROOMS,
15, PICCADILLY,
OPPOSITE MOSLEY STREET,
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MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM, extracted from the choicest rose-leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.—Sold by all chemists in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.—WILLIAM MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London, E.C.; 19, Hanging Ditch, and 106, Chester Road, Manchester.

MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLAISTERS (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).—Sold by all chemists at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each. Caution: Every plaister has the proprietor's signature, trade-mark, and address on the back.

MATHER'S IMPROVED INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLES, WITH EARTHENWARE FITTINGS. The cheapest ever introduced, and universally admitted to be the most simple, cleanly, and durable.—Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. each.

(Established 40 Years.)
STANTON'S Celebrated COUGH PILLS are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all diseases of the chest and lungs.—W. MATHER, 14, Bath Street, Newgate Street, London; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.
CAUTION.—"W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester," on the Government stamp round every box.
Sent Post Free for 16 Stamps.

FINE FLAVOURED STRONG BEEF TEA at about 2½d. a pint. ASK FOR LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of Meat, requiring Baron Liebig the Inventor's Signature on every jar, being the only guarrantee of genuineness.

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